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personages on the other side of the Atlantic, of Macaulay for Mr. Carey, Wordsworth for Prof. Reed, Dr. Chalmers for Mr. Lenox, and others. Some of these he brought back finished on his return. They are, perhaps, the best of his productions. They have, as well as his works generally, a delicate mottling, an air of accident in the touches of the cheek and the eye and about the temples, mouth and forehead. This artistic air of indecision arose from a skilful manipulation upon the impulse of the moment. He could not easily repeat himself in it—much less could his imitators do it, and his copyists never. His pictures were thin in their painting, with but little impasto, and presented a smooth canvas. Many of his cabinet pieces are on a twilled ground, which adds in some degree to the air of conventionalism from which his works were not always free. Those who are familiar with them may also recollect a characteristic of his color, which might stand in lieu of his autograph. We refer to the liberal use of Prussian blue, which often pervaded his background, and, from the diffusible nature of this very awkward pigment, sometimes got into his flesh. It would be a curious subject of study—the causes for the prevalence of some particular color in any artist's collected works.

"Inman's landscapes and compositions, in point of touch, possess much neatness and completeness, but here again in color they are too drabish, and wanting in those fresh, nutritious tones of green which the landscape painter of all things exacts. It might be said, in explanation of these deficiencies, that his abilities, his relish for the picturesque and appreciation of the qualities of nature in the works of others, tempted him to undertake pictures of this sort under circumstances in which no other man would have thought of it. He painted us a closet landscape. He was so tied down by his peculiar branch of the profession, that he had no opportunity for the study of out-door nature. But with all this, his admirable execution made an excellent thing out of his recollections and his mere *feeling* of pastoral and rural charms. He prided himself on his sensibility to the beauties of *chiaro-scuro*, in which the law of subordination and of variety were among the points he was always illustrating to those about him. His sketches were generally well wrought up and carefully hatched in pen and ink. Of these there are many beautiful examples in the albums of his friends. He also excelled in the use of the crayon, one example of which is an admirable colossal head of himself, in the possession of Mr. McMurtrie, of Philadelphia."

"Immediately after the funeral of Mr. Inman, a meeting of his friends was held, at which it was determined to open an exhibition of as many of his works as could be conveniently collected, for the benefit of his widow and children. Such an exhibition was accordingly arranged at the rooms of the American Art-Union, No. 322 Broadway, that association having offered the gratuitous use of their Gallery for the purpose. One hundred and twenty-six paintings were obtained in a short time, and the exhibition opened on the 10th day of February, 1846. The public and the press responded liberally to the call; and the managers, on the 13th of April following, had the gratification of sending the net proceeds to Mrs. Inman, amounting to about two thousand dollars.

LESSING'S "LAOCOON."

This celebrated work of the great German poet and scholar has been regarded, ever since it was first published in 1764, as one of the most valuable treatises in the literature of Art. It is an attempt to distinguish the limits of Poetry and Painting, by a comparison of the differences in subject and treatment proper to each; and it takes its name from the group which is principally referred to in it for illustration. The story of Laocoon, having been used both by Virgil in poetry and by some great artist of antiquity in sculpture, with many differences in treatment, presented a convenient example for the author's purpose; having made it, he says, his "starting point, and recurred repeatedly to it," he "thought it fitting to give the name a place on his title-page." But in the course of the essay many other works are of course referred to; and, indeed, the scope of the whole is so broad and so elaborated and enriched with various learning, that the name is more fanciful than appropriate.

By "Painting," he states in the outset, he desires to be understood, "the Arts of Design, in all their departments." He would also use the word "Poetry" in a similarly extended sense, to "designate those Arts in general whose imitation consists in the progressive principle."

The great value of the work to artists is in the clearness and acuteness with which it points out the limits of the two Arts, and serves as a guide to good taste in the choice of subjects for pictures and their composition. Beyond the principle that "Time is the sphere of the Poet, and Space that of the Painter," and a few similar maxims, the author does not attempt to generalize; he forms no system, like that of ALLSTON, in which all principles have their places in harmonious dependence; his twenty-nine sections, or at least more than half of them, have very little consecutiveness; and the whole work is of that kind which rather enriches the mind with new and striking thoughts, than enlarges its powers by the introduction of new and comprehensive ideas. But for variety of suggestion, subtlety, learning—all those qualities which inspire true enthusiasm for Art and for knowledge, the work is probably one of the most delightful ever written. To read it is like strolling through a vast picture gallery, where, at every step, we are arrested by something that awakens our admiration, more for its own sake than for its connection with what is beside it; and we lay the book down with an impression such as we experience in leaving such a gallery—a confused sense of pleasure, and a desire to return to it again, but retaining only a few distinct images out of the many that had so charmed us.

Our author begins by showing that the expression of pain by tears and shrieks was considered by the ancient Greeks as perfectly compatible with grandeur and elevation of soul. Hence he argues: "It follows that it could not have been from the fear of diminishing this elevation of character that the artist refrained from tracing on his marble the outward indications of painful shrieks. He must, then, have had some other motive for departing, in this instance, from the line adopted by the poet, who has chosen deliberately to express those shrieks."

Secondly, the primary law of the Arts with the ancients was Beauty. All expression was kept subordinate to this. In the Laocoon the

sculptor had to represent beauty under circumstances of bodily pain; "a combination which it would have been impossible to effect, had the latter been depicted in all its hideous violence. His only alternative, then, was to mitigate its vehemence, to soften down the shrieks of agony into a sigh." Had he represented him, as the poet has done, shrieking, with his mouth wide open, we should have been repelled and disgusted.

Again, the artist is confined to a single point of time; and he must choose a moment which shall leave scope to the fancy, and shall admit of our believing it permanent. Hence violent and transitory emotions are not to be given with truth and expression. A painted laugh is a grimace. The Laocoon sighs, that we may hear him shriek.

The range of the poet, however, is unlimited: he is not confined to a single moment, nor to the expression of beauty. Wherever (this we take to be Lessing's meaning, though he does not quite reach it,) the emotion of the piece requires it, and the music of his verse will bear the reader over it, the poet may, with safety, describe or place in the mouths of his ideal personages the language of bodily suffering. The truth is, there is a beauty which is a primary law of poetry, as much as in the arts of design. But it is of a different kind—a *musical* beauty. And this requires the poet to "use all gently," and "in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of his passion, to acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness," as really as the artist is governed by the beauty of form and harmony of color.

Lessing next examines the probabilities as to whether, "in the composition of the group of the Laocoon, the artist imitated the poet, or the poet the artist, and concludes in favor of the first supposition. The poet just allows the moment the artist has chosen, when the three bodies are united in one knot, to be felt: he does not describe it. The shrieks the artist could not copy. The poet leaves the arms of the principal figure free, and in this the sculptor could follow him; but in nothing further.

"Virgil," says Lessing, "describes the snakes as folded twice round the waist and the neck of Laocoon, and stretching out their heads high above him:—

"Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'd,
And twice about his gasping throat they fold.

The priest thus doubly choked—their crests divide,
And towering o'er his head in triumph ride."

What a striking picture is this! The noblest parts of the body are compressed even to suffocation, and the reptiles are just preparing to dart their venom in the very face of their victim; yet, striking as the picture is, it is not one which could be adopted by the artist, whose object was to delineate the operation of the poison and of the pain upon the body. In order to give proper effect to this, it became necessary to leave the most important parts as unincumbered as possible, and to allow no external pressure to influence them so as to change and weaken the play of the suffering nerves and laboring muscles. The double folds of the serpents would have concealed the waist altogether; and that painful contraction of the abdomen, in which so much expression lies, would have been entirely lost to the eye. Whatever portion of the waist might have been seen

above, beneath, or between the convolutions, would have been accompanied by swellings and depressions, caused, not by the internal pain, but by the external pressure. Again, the double winding round the throat would entirely have destroyed the pyramidal character of the group, which is so agreeable to the sight; while the heads of the snakes, issuing from the protuberance, and projecting detached into the open air, would have looked so disproportional in size, as to render the effect of the whole exceedingly offensive to the sight. In spite of these objections, however, some artists have actually been so unwise as to adhere to the poet's description. "The ancient sculptors saw at once that their art demanded in this instance a totally different treatment. They transferred all the foldings of the serpents from the waist and the throat to the legs and the feet, where, however much they might compress and conceal the parts, they could not interfere with the expression. This arrangement likewise serves to suggest the idea of the arrested flight of the victims, and of a certain immobility in the groupe, which materially assists the artificial permanence of the situation."

Furthermore, the supposition that the artist took his subject from the poet is not derogatory to the genius of the former, since the alterations show the excellence of his judgment. It does not follow that every image of the descriptive poet should produce a good effect on canvas or marble. Both Arts address the imagination, it is true, but each does it in a different way. In poetry the images exist only in the mind, and are not bodied forth visibly. Besides, in all true poetry, except "didactic poetry," which is, as Lessing truly remarks, "no poetry at all," the soul is upborne upon the wings of emotion—the *musical* element—and its images flit through the fancy in the formless shapes of dreams; we do not stop to perfect them and make them stand forth in clear outlines,

Where, as often happens, the poet and the artist look upon a subject from precisely the same point of view, there may be a coincidence in the mode of treatment without either's imitating the other. As for instance, where both are representing Venus in her ideal character as simply the Goddess of Love. But then the poet is not confined to this. He may represent her as inflamed with rage and fury; with him she is an individual as well as the personification of an abstract idea. Not so with the artist. The smallest departure from the ideal will prevent us from recognising her. She may be all beautiful; but if she show more majesty than modesty, she will be Juno; or if she appear a little haughty and masculine, she will be mistaken for Minerva.

"It is true that in compositions the artist as well as the poet may represent Venus or any other divinity as a really active being as well as an abstract personification. But, in that case, the actions of such divinities must at least not be in opposition to their character, if indeed they do not naturally arise out of it. Venus arming her son is an action which the artist may portray as well as the poet. There is nothing here to prevent his endowing her with all the grace and beauty which belong to her as the Goddess of Love; nay, this particular situation will rather serve to render her more recognisable in his work. But Venus taking vengeance on the men of Lemnos for their insult—descending in fury on a dark cloud, with a black robe drawn around her, and a torch in her hand

—her features fierce and swollen, her cheeks flushed, and her hair dishevelled, is not a subject for an artist, because it presents no traits which would lead the spectator to recognise the fair divinity. This is a situation for the poet alone, by whom it may be so closely connected with another, in which Venus may appear entirely in her own peculiar character, that even while we behold the fury we do not lose sight of the Goddess of Love."

The poet, in describing allegorical personages, need not give the symbols by which we know them when we see them. He need not put a bridle in the hand of Temperance, make Prudence lean upon a column, or put a balance in the hands of Justice. Only where the symbols are instruments without which the personages could not perform the acts ascribed to them, as the lyre in the hands of a Muse, the lance of Mars, and the hammers and pincers of Vulcan. But to the artist all such symbols are necessary; they supply the place of names and qualities with the poet.

When the poet imitates the painter, that is, makes his work the subject of a scene, he is obliged to copy servilely. But it is not so when the painter takes a scene from the poet. Lessing thinks the reason of this to be that with the artist execution seems to be more difficult than invention. But surely what he would style "execution" is only another kind of invention. He instances the composer of a landscape from Thomson as having performed a higher task than one who has copied a scene directly from nature. "The latter," he says, "has the original immediately before his eyes; the former must exert the powers of his imagination until he fancies he sees it before him. The one produces a beautiful imitation of distinct and palpable lineaments; the other has to arrange a discretionary effect from faint and fleeting images." But whence come those images, it might be asked, save through the power of invention? The poet invented the *hint*; the artist invents a *form*.

Lessing then ridicules the practice in painting, admissible in poetry, of representing invisible beings by the interposition of a cloud.

He then proceeds to show that in Homer, where there is minute description of scenes and actions, it is generally out of the province of painting to embody them; and that, on the other hand, passages in which but little description is introduced, frequently present fine subjects for painting. He gives, for example, the Council of the Gods, which is described in four simple lines.

The *Paradise Lost* he thinks very barren of subjects for pictures; but our galleries would hardly confirm this judgment. It is true, however, that the treatment required must be very different from that suggested by Homer. But, he argues, very ingeniously, "the *Paradise Lost* is no less the first epic poem, after Homer, though it yields but few pictures, than the history of the sufferings of Christ is unfit to be called a poem, though we can scarcely place the head of a needle on any part of it without hitting on some passage which has given employment to a host of the greatest artists." Poetical pictures, in brief, are not necessarily such as may be converted into material ones, and *vice versa*.

This brings our author to one of his principal conclusions, which he offers as a text for the applicability of poetical subjects for painting, viz.: that Time is the sphere of the Poet, Space that

of the Painter. The painter cannot represent progressive actions; he can only use a single moment, and intimate what has gone before, and what is to follow. The aim with him should be to select, as far as possible, that instant which is at once *expressive of the past and pregnant with the future*.

"The union of two necessarily distinct points of time in one and the same picture,—as for instance, when Fra Mazzuoli represents the Rape of the Sabine women on the same canvas with their reconciliation to their husbands and kindred, or when Titian gives in one piece the whole story of the Prodigal Son, his dissolute life, his misery and his repentance,—is an encroachment made by the painter on the territory of the poet, of which good taste can never approve."

Yet the mutual relation of the two arts is like the rational policy of two friendly states, which, while they forbid actual encroachment, permit a little indulgence on their extreme borders. Thus, in a large historical composition, the moment may be a little protracted. In such works, where a great number of figures are introduced, there is probably no instance of a composition in which each actor bears the precise situation and attitude which would have belonged to him at the moment of the principal action. Some figures may be brought forward, others thrown into the distance, whereby they may be made to take a more or less immediate share in the action.

Lessing here refers to a criticism of Mengs on the Draperies of Raphael, showing how he manages to unite two moments by so arranging them as to exhibit the previous motion of the limbs. This he considers an artifice, though an allowable one. "For," he observes, "since the foot, in moving forward, immediately draws along with it that part of the drapery which rests upon it, it is evident that, unless the cloth be formed of some material so stiff as to be quite unfit for painting, at no single moment of its passage could it form any fold in the smallest degree different from that which the actual position of the limb requires; otherwise, we should have the drapery in its former and the limb in its latter state." In this remark, we cannot but think that our author, with all his acuteness, has overlooked the circumstance that there are a great variety of motions to which it would be inapplicable. For instance, where the figure is drawn as having just suddenly turned, the drapery would naturally be seen *following* the movement—not turning at the same instant with the figure, but coming after. To paint this, would certainly be no encroachment upon the limits of poetry, for the artist has a legitimate claim upon all that he can bring within the compass of his moment as actually visible.

The remaining sections of the *Laocon* carry out somewhat discursively, but with no lack of elaboration, the principles already announced. As an instance of poetry's encroaching on painting, Homer's use of epithets, as "the smooth, beautiful, brazen, embossed shield," is cited, where the poet struggles to give his description the instantaneousness of vision.

We then have an argument drawn chiefly from the description of the shield of Achilles, to show that the ancients were unacquainted with perspective.

It is next shown why the poet cannot minutely delineate corporeal beauty, which springs from the harmonious effect of multifarious parts, which the eye surveys at one and the same

instant. Homer uses but one epithet, "divine," to describe the beauty of Helen. But he impresses us with an idea of her beauty by other means, which, it is shown, are within the poet's peculiar province. He makes the elders express no surprise on beholding her, that she had kept the world so long in arms; but Zeuxis, in illustrating the passage, painted her simply unrobed and alone.

Deformity may be introduced into poetry, but not into painting; in the former it is modified by the successive detail of its parts; in the latter it stands forth in all its hideousness, and the spectator is disgusted.

After the section illustrating this, the work concludes with some others upon the probable author of the statue of Laocoon, and a critique of Winckelmann. We have endeavored to give as complete an idea of its character as was possible in a brief article. Of course the analysis is extremely meagre. From the peculiar fulness of the few paragraphs quoted, it may be readily imagined how meagre. We shall hope, however, that we may have done some service in calling the attention of artists and lovers of Art-literature to a work so abounding in subtle and philosophical criticism. G. W. P.

PARISIAN HINTS FOR ARTISTS.

THE vast concentration at Paris of every kind of artistic material—the habits of the French people themselves—the resources for economical living—the entire independence and absence of restraint on the part of every well-behaved foreigner—render that city one of the most delectable places for an Artist in the world. The student may there follow the life he prefers, whether in the extremes of reckless freedom at the Bal Masqué or Jardin Mabille, or at the Lectures of the Academy of Sciences, the quiet of the Louvre, or in deep research amidst the labyrinths of strange lore in the Bibliothèque Nationale.

If Rome has the solemn grandeur of antiquity to hallow and sanctify it, Paris is the laboratory of modern Science, as well as the pioneer in modern civilization. If, in the former, the student finds amid the monuments and vast galleries of Greek, Christian, or Papal Art,—amid the ruins and sloth of that decaying city, works whose effect is to transport him as in a dream backward through ages to Etruria and Greece,—in the latter he identifies himself with the latest impulses of humanity, and feels, while the Past is rendered sacred by her treasured relics, that the Future may become, through the vital power of the Present, even more beautiful and more true. If, in Rome, the gray quiet of the Past leaves him undisturbed to pursue his studies, so, in Paris, he may shut himself in his atelier, where the din of insurrection or revolution may not come, and, in the calm of settled purpose, prepare for the mission he believes himself called to fill.

As there is every species and variety of Art in Paris, from miserable one *centime* lithographs up to the elaborate engravings after the works of De la Roche, Ingres, and Scheffer, so there are as many ways and means of pursuing studies in the different departments. We shall, however, confine ourselves to such information as may prove useful to Artists going from this country to Paris.

The Louvre, with its immense galleries of

paintings and statuary, contains one of the finest collections in the world. Beginning with the works of Mantegna and Perugino, and terminating with the Carracci, the Italian masters are very well represented. Titian, Paul Veronese, Giorgione, Tintoretto, Correggio, Da Vinci, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, Giulio Romano, Domenichino, Guido Reni, are all recalled to mind by their works, and, in some instances, by splendid specimens. There are, also, some of the largest and finest works by Rubens and Rembrandt.

Of the early French school, the works of Le Brun, Le Sueur, and Nicholas Poussin are collected in great numbers. In the eastern wing are the works of David, Gericault, Girodet, Gros, Geurin, Watteau, Boucher, Greuze, and Martin Drolling. Following the suite of rooms containing these works, on the north side, there is a Museum of Egyptian Antiquities. Passing the apartments of Henry II., we come at once to the Spanish pictures, by Murillo, Spagnoletto, Velasquez, &c. Then follow several large rooms, filled with drawings in crayons, pastels, pen and pencil, by nearly all the masters, ancient and modern.

On the ground floor of this immense edifice are the Statue Galleries. These contain the famous Venus di Milo, the Fighting Gladiator, and the Diana. In the collection of casts, which is one of the best in the world, are the Elgin Marbles and the Barbarini Faun.

The offices of the Director of the Fine Arts and his functionaries are in the court-yard, near the grand entrance. In order to gain admission, it is only necessary to present your passport, stating that you are an American Artist, and wish permission to study in the Galleries, whereupon, without question, a permit is given you, good for three months, at the end of which time it must be renewed by the same process. You have only to carry with you canvas, colors, palette and brushes, the Government providing easels, chairs, and what other things may be necessary for your operations. It is customary to give the overseer of the section or room in which you work a few francs when you begin or finish. The doors open at eight, A. M., and close at four, P. M. The whole is closed to students on Sundays and Mondays.

Ateliers are to be found principally in the quarter of the Luxembourg, Faubourg du Roule, Le Quartier de Tivoli, Rue Pigal, near the Barrière, Quai Voltaire, &c. Generally, they have a room, or suite of rooms, attached, where the Artist lives *en garçon* or *en famille*, according as he may be single or a man of family. The rents for ateliers range from \$60 to \$200 a year, depending upon their situations and conveniences. The *conciërge*, or person who attends to your atelier and rooms, expects from \$1 to \$3 per month. You have your breakfast served in your rooms, or take it at a café, and dine at a restaurant. For knowledge of these places, you must depend upon some one living in Paris, as they change from time to time, or new ones are established, better than the old. It is well to be located, if possible, between the Louvre and the Luxembourg, that both may be convenient; the former contains the works of deceased Artists—the latter, those of the living.

There are always a number of ateliers or schools in Paris. But, generally, there are one or two more popular than the others; indeed,

this runs sometimes into a mania—so much so, that for months you hear nothing from *les rapins des ateliers* but the most unqualified boasting of the merits and power of the popular Artist over all others. Some fifteen years ago, the great atelier in Paris was that of Baron Gros. When he died, Paul De la Roche became the leader, and had, at one time, two hundred pupils. Then Coignet exhibited a finely colored picture, the subject, *Tintoretto painting a Likeness of his Daughter from the Corpse*, and immediately all the young men of Paris rushed to him for instruction in color. A few years later, M. Couture exhibited his grand picture, *Les Romains de la Décadence*, which was bought by the French Government. It was so original in subject, method of composition, and particularly in style of coloring, that he was acknowledged at once a master, and in a short time had his atelier filled with pupils. He is an excellent instructor. He has the natural gift of imparting, with facility, through happy and forcible illustrations, drawn always from his observations of nature, everything the student requires to direct him to the most proper and efficient study of natural objects. He has a contempt for *processes*, and teaches always the necessity of painting, *at once, au premier coup*. M. Couture prefers his pupils to have mastered the rudiments of drawing before they enter his atelier, as it leaves him to teach them solely *how to paint*. No Artist insists upon the necessity of fine drawing more strenuously than he, and he constantly refers his pupils to the study of the grandest antique statues, he himself having studied for years severely the Elgin Marbles.

The present most popular atelier among the French for drawing is kept by M. Picot, a servile teacher of all the academic rules of drawing. There are also others, one kept by M. Suisse, which is republican in its government, everybody pursuing his own method or style, or not, as he pleases. M. Suisse was formerly a *great model* in Paris, and, becoming too old to serve longer in that line, he fitted up a room with conveniences for drawing, and now maintains himself in this way. The entrance fee is about five dollars a month. M. Picot's instructions are somewhat more expensive. The atelier of M. Couture is maintained on the principle of communism—that is, all the apparatus for painting or studying—such as easels, chairs, drawing-boards, stools—are common stock, and belong to the pupils. The entrance fee here is thirty francs, or six dollars for the first and twenty francs for each succeeding month—the extra ten francs of the first entitling you to the use and ownership of all the apparatus in the atelier; the twenty francs per month pay model hire and atelier rent. With all this, M. Couture has nothing to do. He comes once a day, ordinarily about ten o'clock, to the atelier, and criticises each student's work, at the same time advising him clearly and judiciously how to see nature *truly*, and how to improve his faults.

The time occupied in these ateliers is always with reference to the hours at which the Louvre opens and closes. M. Suisse's is a night school; so that persons who draw there have the whole day for work in the Galleries of the Louvre. In the day schools, the models are *posed* at seven, A. M., and finished at twelve, noon. The student then repairs to the Louvre, and continues his labor in studying the works of the Old